*Ambo.* Was euer Orphanets had a dearer losse?
*Du.* Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Proue all your tearos, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloces with others.*
*Gl.* Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause,
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do crie you mercie,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
*Du.* God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy mind,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
*Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good olde man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out?
*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though wee haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynde together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
*Glo.* Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
*Aus.* With all our hearts. *Exeunt, man. Glo. Buck.*

*Buck*



*Buck.* My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt of,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
*Glo.* My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a child will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

*Enter two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troublesome world. *Enter another.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters look to see a troublous wo
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at xi. monethis olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With pollitike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be neareſt:
Which touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloceſter,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,